



MODERN PROPENSITIES.



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MODERN PROPENSITIES;
OR,
AN ESSAY
ON THE
ART OF STRANGLING, &c.

Illustrated with several Anecdotes.

WITH
Memoirs of Sufannah Hill,
AND
A SUMMARY OF HER TRIAL

AT THE
O L D - B A I L E Y,
ON FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1791.

On the Charge of Hanging

FRANCIS KOTZWARRA,
At her Lodgings in Vine Street, on September 2.

L O N D O N :

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ROBERT PROCTOR

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MODERN PROPENSITIES.

AT a period when the kingdoms of the earth are shook upon their settled foundations—when Kings are humbled to the dust by those they were born to govern—when nobility is refused the common rights of hangmen, and when subordination and distinction is annihilated by legislative authority—it is not very wonderful that the physical economy and organization of the human body should, in many instances, experience something of sympathetic and similar revolutions. Such, at least, might naturally be the thoughts of those who profess themselves the implicit disciples of universal analogy.

But however the political world may be convulsed and inverted, certain it is that the world of animal existence is still the same; the sense unaltered, the passions immutable, and the objects of corporeal gratification exactly such as they were in the beginning of time.

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Let the Poets paint the pastoral perfection of the Golden Age—let them indulge fancy in the comparison of what they call iron degeneracy—let the Epic and Pindaric strains sound high the praises of antiquity—the Grecian glories—the Augustan virtues—the indubitable fact still is, that animal and vegetable life is fixed to certain propensities either by nature or accident, from which they cannot swerve or release themselves.

When our first parents, molded by a divine artist, and animated by the power of his omnipotence—whose principles, notwithstanding the opinion of Mr. Locke, must necessarily have been innate—when they could not resist the overbearing power of human weakness, what can rationally be expected in progressive beings, susceptible from the days of muling and puking infancy to those of second childishness, of every ill example? The wisest of the human race, in the contemplation of this awful question, must sink his crested consequence, and because he cannot answer it, tacitly acknowledge the lamentable state of mortal infirmity.—Admitting the truth of this proposition, (which we believe no Philosopher will be hardy enough to combat) the natural consequence is, that however detestable some certain propensities may be; however necessary the punishments applied to them; however expedient the extermination

nation of unnatural passions; the thinking mind, while it approves of the provisions made against them, must yet pity the sad imbecillity which hurries mankind, in spite of death and disgrace, to encourage and commit them.

But lest the theme should grow too grave and metaphysical for the generality of readers, it becomes necessary to transpose it to a more lively key, from the solemn adagio of abstruse investigation, to the more cheerful allegro of simple recital; giving, at the same time, such incidental remarks as may be indispensable to the subject,

Of all the enjoyments with which nature has indulged the human species, the conjunctive means by which that species is perpetuated, is indisputably the most extatic; and to those who ever had the powers of experience, it must remain a matter of the utmost astonishment, that mortals can ever degenerate to unnatural propensities:—but, in speaking of unnatural propensities, we are too apt to include *endeavours*, which by no means deserve to be so denominated.

That *extraordinary Physician* and *natural Philosopher*, Dr. GRAHAM, in his sublime theories of generation, was perhaps the first who informed mankind that *certain aids* were necessary, even in

the most athletic and vigorous constitutions, to enlarge and enrapture the practice. The **ELECTRIC QUALITIES** of his **CELESTIAL BED**, are within the recollection of thousands; nor could it ever be imputed to those who resorted to that ineffable assistance, that they transgressed the regular laws of nature. Dr. **GRAHAM**'s not less extraordinary and philosophic cotemporary, Dr. **KATTERFELTO**, was so enraptured at the greatness and the use of this bliss-giving machine, that he conceived the inventor to be above the common race of mortals, and in a very warm and eloquent poem upon the subject of procreation, complimented him in the following lines :

Long had **PANDORA**'s ills, &c. &c.——

When thou eccentric ! thou celestial ray !
Whose distums, sense and nature both obey ;
APOLLO sent, to succour *feeble* man,
His joys to heighten, and extend his *span*.

Eternal blessings crown'd the blissful hour,
When am'rous **Phœbus** from his orient bower,
In **Scotian** meads thy mother's charms survey'd,
Assumed the shepherd, and embraced the maid.

Gods ! what a scene doth fancy here inspire !
What joys divine ! what fierce electric fire !
How sunk,—how heaved, the elastic flow'ry bed,
On which her ivory limbs the godhead spread :
What seats of love ! what extasy of bliss !
What raptures blended with each balmy kiss !
What sportive powers insured the future throws,
Which gave a **GRAHAM**, &c.——

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The poem was never published; but it runs on to a considerable length; and, after lamenting the destruction of mortals by the sword, by famine, by plague and luxury, extols the Doctor upon his wonderful systems for increasing and improving the species. The *Duchesses of Cumberland, Devonshire, and Rutland; Lady Duncannon, Lady Craven, Lady Bridget Tollemache*, and several other females of fashion, are occasionally introduced; but as they are foreign to the principal object, we shall leave them to their own discretion for the full enjoyment of what Dr. Katterfelto most learnedly recommends to them.

If, agreeably to the improved system of generation, laid down and recommended by Dr. GRAHAM; and attested by the transcendant concurrence of Dr. KATTERFELTO; the most robust and youthful require *certain aids* to ascend the upper sphere of conjunctive transports, what must be the situation of those *elderly and antiquated* PEERS and COMMONERS who, having nearly exhausted the prolific sources of perfect happiness, think to satisfy the desires of female youth and vigour with the feeble remains and lingering dregs of juvenality? Will not reason cry out with Dr. *Hudson, Dr. Hunter, Mr. Newbury, Mr. Wade*, and other *kind and ingenious* persons, that auxiliary subsidies are necessary and laudable,

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But, however allowable the use of internal stimulations, and notwithstanding the truth, that they may sometimes provoke an effectual *shove* towards the increase and multiplication of the human race, it must be allowed, that the great danger attending them, is almost sufficient to deter men from adopting them. A late old General Officer, having, like those ancient personages above mentioned, taken unto him a young wife, naturally suspected himself of certain corporeal defects which could by no means render him agreeable to the rights of Hymen; he therefore made a summary effort, which though it succeeded in its immediate effects, by a wonderful *metamorphosis*, yet in the subsequent consequences proved fatal to his connubial happiness. The fact was, that from a feeble and exhausted mortal, the General became a perfect Deity, and performed such feats as *Priapus* himself could not exceed; but alas! the transformation was too extatic for continuance in this world, and his exhilarated spirit took an extempore flight to Olympus.— How he conducts himself among the goddesses, is beyond the power of human perception,

In the ephemeris of conjugal motions and situations, General S—— is not the only instance of what has happened, and what may again occur, by a too liberal and disproportioned use of internal

tral nostrums, which *mounting* men, unaccustomed to *hard riding*, upon those *gentle* and *ambling* pacers, the most pleasant and delightful of all possible hobby-horses, urge them to *drive* on at so unconscionable a rate, that they generally *lose breath* in the journey, nor can all the powers of medicine restore the organs of respiration.

To the case of General S—— may be added that of a late *ingenious Artist*, whose talent it was to tame the wildest of the oviparous race: he was often seen in the public streets, with his hands covered by whole groupes of Canary birds, whom he could command to almost any thing. Unfortunately, however, he had not the same command over his own passions, neither had they any power over a *certain corporeal debility* which prevented him from *regular* enjoyments. To obviate as far as possible the great inconvenience of this misfortune, he had frequent recourse to internal provocatives. One luckless day, however, as he paraded the neighbourhood of Leicester-fields, which was his principal promenade, displaying his submissive songsters, his eyes were fascinated by the impressive figure and captivating features of a *fair Cyprian* inhabitant of Lisle-street. To be brief, he accepted her invitation to an adjacent bagnio, and, resolving to proportion his caresses to
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his ideas of her beauty, swallowed (excuse the Irishism) a double portion of *liquid love-powder*.

In the onset of his amorous career, the fair Cyprian, though an experienced adept in the mysteries of *Venus*, thought him greater than any modern *Mars* she had ever encountered; but, as a canon overcharged, he burst in the explosion, and when she expected to feel him warm with the heat of action, she found him chilled by the cold hand of Death; and thus it has been frequently.

To avoid therefore the disagreeable effects of internal excitements, the ingenious of all ages have dextrously contrived and resorted to external expedients, which, though equally efficacious, are perfectly free of danger; they are, no doubt, in general attended with that inconvenience which, in the abstract, is rather *preventive* than *productive* of enjoyment.

That pain should promote and be the actual concomitant of pleasure, is a kind of physical solicism which the vulgar and ignorant cannot account for; but to those of a more refined and enlightened nature, there can nothing be more explanatory.

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When, by a too frequent use and overstraining of the vitals, nature becomes sluggish, and the corporeal fluids begin to linger in their respective revolutions; the mind, however active, is of itself incapable of communicating that sympathetic energy and tone, which, at a former period, it accelerated even by a single glance of thought, and which, like the subtlety of an electric fluid, shot into the remotest extremities of the body. Hence it is indispensably necessary that those who cannot submit to this want of reciprocity, whose desires outlive their power, and whose existence is a *warfare* between debility and passion, to obtain if not a lasting *peace*, at least a temporary *armistice*, between the contending parties.

To satisfy the haughty views of the spirit, the faculties of the flesh must, upon every such occasion, be either excited by external objects, or coerced into obedience; and so sensible have the wisest of both sexes been, in all ages, of this truth, that the most experienced have never been unaccommodated with a proper apparatus for both the one and the other.

The original *flagellists*, indeed, gave a *religious* turn to their ceremonies, and blinded the ignorant by indulging sensuality under the mask of mortification. Hence the trembling novice, instead

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of being scourged into a state of beatification, found herself stung by the turbulence of provoked sensations; and while she vainly thought herself preparing for the embraces of heaven, became an easy prey to the libidinous views of an earthly Monk: a wretch who had, probably, to increase enjoyment, inflicted upon himself the same stimulative application which poisoned the purity of his pupil.

But the *first flagellists*, at least the first that come within the knowledge of modern observers, not content with the immediate effects of their manual exertions, directed even their painters and architects to keep alive, by the powers of art, those emotions, which had been kindled by the prevalence of impulse; and several of the most venerable Temples in the Christian world, bear testimony of that implicit obedience with which such orders were executed*.

The uses of flagellation, in cold and impotent complexions, being thus established by ancient authority, it is not either a matter of disgust or

* Henry the Seventh's Chapel is shewn as a great curiosity; and it certainly is well worth the observation of the public—certain it is, however, that the carved figures of Nuns *apostolici*, flogged by *Friars*, inflicting religious penance, are by far the most curious parts of the building.

surprise to see the practice, as it is, in those modern times, supported by men of less profound philosophy, and by women evidently of less discrimination. The implements of *execution* were formerly found, not only in the houses of private persons, but in the public seminaries of religion and morality; and, exhibited in all the sacerdotal consequence of church dignity, diffused a kind of theological influence among mankind.

The sole difference between the ancient and the modern practice is, that in the first, it was supported by delusion; in the latter, it is maintained solely upon principles of physical expedience; and although some of our Right Reverend Pastors are said to be its most zealous private votaries, they have yet the good sense not to mix it with their public professional duties: they sit upon the legislative bench with as much coolness, as if they felt not the least irritable effect; and their lawn robes and surplices appear as smooth and undisturbed, as if they had never been tucked up by prophane hands for the purpose of stimulation.

There are several modes of excitement to conjunctive transport, which are practised even by those who might act independently; but those must be passed over, not only on account of their more express indelicacy, but because they are

well known to every one ; from the prince to the peasant they are common to all, and to all seem the free immunities, or rather privileges, of nature. Let the superficial world, therefore, be satisfied what they think or flatter themselves is right, and let the business of more solid reason be, to justify that which, from prejudice merely, appears to be comparatively wrong.

The surprising effects of flagellation, upon worn-out and even vigorous bodies, in respect to certain secret, yet natural duties, were for many centuries supposed to be the ultimatum of physical research, and the disciples of the rod, considering a failure of such effects as a mark of utter dissolution of procreative power, pronounced the patient so circumstanced as completely incurable ; but as science improved, and observation became more general and accurate, new sources of improvement and utility opened, and the philosophic observer had the satisfaction of deriving general advantages, even from the most exquisite calamities of unfortunate individuals. The discovery alluded to, is universally ascribed to that *respectable* and *reverend* Ordinary of Newgate, who, in the days of the *great Jonathan Wild*, performed the pious office of attending the several malefactors who were sent into eternity from that deleterious department. This gentleman, though admitted to be uncommonly

monly filled with the *pure spirit*, had yet a constant eye upon groffer *matter*. He well knew that to be a useless, and indeed a dangerous commodity, to such as have no interest in this world; and he therefore always took the utmost Christian pains to separate it radically from those who, in their latter moments, seemed to retain any anxious disposition for it; whether it appeared in the shape of watches, rings, purses, guineas, or things of less value. Hence he often prevailed upon those under his *spiritual* care, to appropriate to *charitable* uses such residues of ill-gotten property as remained with them at the approach of dissolution; and as, from the great and instructive experience of his office, he had frequent causes to doubt the veracity of his flock, he never failed to *look sharp* at their breeches pockets, even to and after the last convulsive struggle of life. He naturally considered himself the agent of benevolent intentions, and was careful that neither *Jack Ketch*, nor any other person, should divide the care with him, or prevent him from a *laudable* distribution, which, as trustee to the deceased, he very properly conceived he had an exclusive right to.

But without enquiring too minutely into the motives of this worthy Pastor, it is sufficient here to observe, that in consequence of his very close attention to *those parts*, a discovery was produced, which at once not only surprised the medical but
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the moral world, and which in a short time induced experiments of the most eccentric and extraordinary nature. The good man invariably remarked, that notwithstanding the natural and concomitant fears of death, and the unsatisfied doubts and curiosity respecting the accommodations of futurity, (which, by the bye, are enough to cool the stoutest courage) at least four-fifths of his periodical flocks were scarcely suspended between heaven or earth, or in other words, launched into eternity, than they evinced *certain emotions and commotions*, which agreeing with the lines in our title-page, proved that all flesh must die to live again. While in every other region of the stretched and nerveless body the vital sparks appeared to be entirely extinguished, in those *central and critical* parts the symptoms of life and vigour were expressly evident.

It has been already observed, not only in these pages but even in holy writ, that the best men are apt to fail; in the latter, the number of those incidental failures is limited to *seven*; but though this great Philosopher and Divine could not be charged to the full amount thereof, yet certain it was, that in the course of his attendance upon the females of his congregation, he was, though as

before mentioned: generally filled with spirit, often assailed with *fleshy propensities*: and those, as the opportunity was seductive, and the resistance little or nothing, he never failed to indulge in when agreeable and convenient. He was sometimes overcome, indeed, by the strength of such spirit; but, upon the whole, he contrived to fall in with the rest of mankind, and if he could not sin seven times in twenty-four hours, he seldom failed of that number in as many weeks.

It happened once that among the number of females under the spiritual care of this respectable Divine, was a young woman, whom the laws had most unwarrantably condemned to death; not for purloining the property of others, but for making perhaps a little too free with her own. She had, in fact, committed a *fleshy faux pas*, which produced consequences that not only hurt her pride, but was attended with great inconvenience. To obviate those evils, at the expiration of nine months, she retired to a certain private receptacle, and in a few minutes rid herself and the world of a burthen, which, in all probability, would have been exceedingly troublesome to both.

The tender-hearted Doctor, pitying her case, had (with the assistance of one or two Irish friends, who occasionally visited her) contrived to furnish her

her with a plea, which though it did not, in the long run, prevent the barbarous execution of her sentence, yet it put off the evil day for several months, and so prepared her for the ultimate event, that she was observed at last to quit the world with as much courage as any of the heroes that accompanied her.

But the return which this ungrateful fair one made to her reverend friend, was of so irreverend a nature as to *prevent* him from conferring similar favours in future. In short, she did not hesitate to transmit to the Doctor a certain very troublesome and dangerous document, which had been bestowed upon her by one of her Irish friends, and which was of so virulent a species as almost entirely to destroy the natural functions of the parts most affected.

Under those circumstances, the half emasculated Ordinary could not observe with indifference the invariable effect of strangulation upon the bodies of such as made their mortal exit at Tyburn; and, therefore, having first consulted with the anatomical operator at Surgeons Hall, upon the physical causes of such extraordinary effects, and satisfied himself in that respect, lost but little time in trying the experiment. His intimate friend the Surgeon informed him, that nothing could

could be more easily accounted for, than what he seemed to regard as a matter of preternatural wonder—that every thing which produced irritation in the lungs and thorax, produced also titulation in the generative organs: that the blood by such means being impeded in its regular velocity, rushed to the center, and there formed, by sudden and compulsive operations, a redundancy of those vivifying secretions which animate and invigorate the machinery of procreation.

Upon this occasion, many learned illustrations were adduced, such as the well known powers of consumptive and asthmatic men, and the effects of *tickling* and long *kissing*, when the natural valves of respiration are so far deranged as to produce *short breathings*, *pantings*, *faintings*, and other *amorous* symptoms in the human frame.

The attentive Divine, who all this while concealed the true motives of his enquiries, heard with delight that there still remained a possibility of restoring, to their natural tone, those organs which his compassion for the distresses of an ungrateful woman had so miserably mal-treated. He was himself a little afflicted with pectoral paroxisms or exacerbations of the lungs, and he recollected that formerly, while the fit continued, his pastoral disposition for the fair-sex increased

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exceedingly; but, for some time, the stimulous had lost that degree of fervour, which, at other periods, attended his devout aspirations; and he was therefore determined to try the more powerful excitements of the halter.

Though the Reverend Parson Manacle might not have been the first discoverer of the wonderful effects of strangulation, he certainly was the first who ever put the theory voluntarily into practice; and there was something so *ingenious*, as well as charitable in the *debut*, that to omit relating the circumstances would be unpardonable.

Although this amiable yet unfortunate man had suffered so much from his friendly assistance to one woman, yet, so far as his bodily infirmities permitted, he never neglected his duty to others in a similar situation. A very eminent female professor, of the name of Birdlime, happened, at this time, to be ordered for execution. Her case was, that a pair of rich point ruffles happening unfortunately to stick to her fingers in a shop in Tavistock-street, the owner most cruelly construed the accident into privately stealing, for which she was to be publicly hanged. Doctor Manacle visited her often, and always found her under more terrifying apprehension respecting the pain of her passage, than place of her destination.

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From this trifling fear he had often, but in vain, endeavoured to dissuade her; and now it suddenly occurred to him, that, by his own example, he might possibly alleviate at least the horrors under which she laboured. Accordingly, the evening before the fatal day, he provided himself with a good strong rope, and went as usual, full, no doubt, of the spirit, to give her spiritual comfort.

Finding her greatly agitated by the feelings above mentioned, he informed her, that in order to draw her mind from such earthly considerations, and to shew by ocular demonstration the folly of her fears, he was determined to give her indisputable proofs, that there was little or nothing painful in the act of hanging; that for that purpose he had prepared a rope; and, that his intentions were to suspend himself from the upper part of the bed, for a short time; and he directed her to be careful in cutting the rope the moment she saw any appearance of actual danger. The first moments, he observed, of strangulation, must, of course, be the moments of pain, and she would find, by the composure with which he would endure them, that her apprehensions were ill-founded.

Mrs. Birdlime listened to her ghostly visitor with ineffable astonishment: she knew both men and things as well as most women, yet had not the most

remote idea of his real inducement : she begged to decline the criterion, but the Doctor was peremptory ; assuring her there could be no danger, and shewing that, by the position in which he meant to suspend himself, he could at any time, by extending his legs, relieve himself from extremity of danger.

There was something so extremely whimsical in this new species of consolation, that Mrs. Birdlime, though under circumstances so doleful, could scarcely restrain herself from a smile. However, after repeated requisitions, she consented ; and when the Doctor had fixed the noose properly about his neck, actually fastened the other end agreeably to his desire.

Every thing being now prepared, the Rev. Doctor Manacle raised his feet from the floor, and to the incredible astonishment of his fair assistant, actually hung for one or two minutes with infinite composure. At length, observing his breast begin to heave, and that he still made no effort to relieve himself, she readily performed the remainder of the agreement, and cut the instrument which might otherwise have proved fatal.

For a few moments after his release, the Doctor lay upon the bed in a kind of stupor ; but Mrs. Birdlime,

Birdlime, by rubbing his temples and other blandishments, soon brought him to himself; he clasped her in his arms, and in a transport of extacy demanded a return for the distinguished proof he had given her of his regard.

There is nothing more certain than that every thing which Doctor Manacle promised himself, was performed by this operation; but whether the effects were observed by Mrs. Birdlime or not, is a matter which never came to light. It is however natural enough to suppose the affirmative, and that her ocular sensations had prepared her for that vigorous rencontre which succeeded. In short, Mrs. Birdlime made little or no resistance, and her reverend comforter was made happy.

Before they parted, the lady acknowledged that her ideas of hanging were greatly dissipated, and that she believed a few repetitions, which she lamented it was then too late for the enjoyment of, would entirely remove her terrors. Thus relieved by the extraordinary kindness of the *tender-hearted* parson, the next morning she mounted the cart, and, followed by her reverend comforter, proceeded to Tyburn; where, in the presence of many thousands, she confessed that the cause of her death was not altogether *accidental*, and openly avowed the *good effects* of hanging.

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Having thus physically accounted for *one* of the extraordinary productions of strangling, it becomes necessary to take some notice of *another*, which, though not altogether so wonderful, is yet equally certain, if the utmost care be not taken to prevent it.

Poor Parson Manacle, in one or two subsequent instances, was lucky enough to escape this fatal consequence; but he became at length so extremely fond of the practice, and the sensations which accompanied it, that, spending one evening in a situation exactly similar to that with Mrs. Birdlime, he indulged himself a little too long, and fairly expired in the process. The thing was kept a profound secret, lest the gaoler should suffer blame, his body was privately conveyed to his lodging in a shell, and he was reported to have died suddenly of the gaol distemper.

It were therefore to be wished that gentlemen who are obliged to acquire the powers of procreation through the physical medium of strangling, would devise some certain means of watching its progress, and checking an inordinate indulgence of its paregoric influence; and for this purpose there is no medical or surgical artist better calculated than the celebrated Patent Inventor of Spring Bands, in Mount-street, who, from his
wonderful

wonderful improvements in surgery and mechanics, could very probably invent not only a safe but an agreeable and graceful mode of suspension, in which the gentle undulations of the body vibrating with reciprocal motion to the actions and reactions of elastic powers, might communicate a softer degree of pressure to the jugular muscles, and prevent any future appearance in that part which might betray a practice that ignorance would probably endeavour to turn into ridicule and contempt.

Indeed it is not at all improbable but that the advantages of such an invention might accumulate and extend to new discoveries in the sublime science of strangulation; as, by means of such gentle undulations, the whole of the nervous system and every part capable of irritation, might experience effects at present unknown, and of course undescribable.

Besides the emotions above mentioned, it is scarcely to be doubted but that the velocity of the blood, in that central direction, which, upon such occasions, it is said to take, might be less violent;—the secretions less redundant;—and of course the patient less exhausted in the succeeding operation: a consideration which such gentlemen as are obliged to adopt the ceremony, will, it is conceived,

ceived, hold to be very essential to the interests of their delicate habits of body.

But until this necessary apparatus is properly constructed, and the inventor duly rewarded with his Majesty's Royal Letters Patent, it is most strongly recommended to the Nobility and Gentry, and indeed to every Practitioner of Strangulation, of whatever degree, that they should never fail of being well supplied with Dr. Vanbutchell's great, wonderful, and astonishing Nostrum, invented by himself, approved of by John Hunter, and expressed from all the most potent, powerful, and vivifying metals, minerals and vegetables in the world, from the pale pole stars to burning zones; known by the name of *Vanbutchell's Balsam of Life*; by which, even in those *corruptible* days, he can preserve wives from corruption, and produce children of the true athletic stamina.

Had this anti-deleterious decoction been known in the days of the *Rev. Doctor Manacle*, and applied to that worthy Prelate; or administered to that distinguished Paphian adventurer and poet, the celebrated *Peter Motteux*; or had it been applied to the sternutative organs of that no less eminent and strangulous hero, whose *dolorous finale* (in allusion to his profession) is the subject of the

the following sheets, there can be little or no doubt of its happy effects.

It becomes necessary, before this very instructive subject is dismissed, to resort once more to the productions of *Martin Vanbutchell*, and to recommend, until the improved apparatus above mentioned be completed, the use of his *elastic garters*, such as he made for *Lady Aylesbury*, the *Marchioness of Salisbury*, and others ; in which recommendation no direct allusion is, in truth, intended to their respective Lords, nor is it in the least degree meant to insinuate that those Peers, either from *mental* or *corporeal* insensibility, are reduced to the necessity of adopting adventitious assistance.

M E M O I R S
OF
S U S A N N A H H I L L.

LOVE has made so many wretches, that young persons cannot be too frequently warned of its dangers; and as instruction is much more forcibly conveyed by example than by precept, every account of the misfortunes of those who have been wrecked upon that fatal rock, may contribute to put others upon their guard, and make them steer with caution from so destructive a coast. This consideration has induced us to offer to the public the following history, which though it contains nothing out of the common tract of eventual life, is nevertheless interesting, as we can assure our readers every circumstance is founded upon fact.

She was born at Froome, in Somersetshire: her friends were honest, industrious folks, and gave her the necessary degree of female useful educa-

tion to qualify her for a domestic occupation in town or country. In this capacity she moved for a while, and bore the character becoming the servant of a sober family; till Love, the disturber of all conditions, crept into her bosom. Credulity, the characteristic of the female heart, contributed, more than the plausible pretences of her lover, to effect her ruin. The fair-sex naturally believe what they wish; and being now near 19 years of age, it is not wonderful if she wished to be united to a husband, and leave off the *drudgery of servitude*, as she called it. The young man who then paid his addresses to her, was a reputable farmer's son, and apprenticed to a tradesman of that town. Country girls are seldom so cautious as they ought to be in love affairs, and think it but a trifling circumstance to go to the church with an enlarged waist; while the town lasses are more shy, having but too many examples before their eyes of the perfidy of men.

Our heroine's sweetheart, after a decent assiduity, found means to win her affections so effectually, that it soon became necessary for her to remove from her place, and retire for a time from the observation of her acquaintance. During her temporary recess, the opportunities of reiterating the *faux pas* they had been guilty of, so far succeeded in subduing her tender heart, that she became

became more and more enamoured of him; and indeed, his person and qualifications, we are informed, were such as might well excuse a girl in her situation for entertaining a passion for so attractive a seducer.

But she was not so far fascinated with love, but she often urged him, and repeatedly with tears in her eyes, to marry her, that she might again appear amongst her friends with decency and decorum; but the young man finding himself fully possessed of all the avenues to her heart, continually evaded the proposal, or consigned his promise to a future day, alledging that he could not hope for his father's consent; but as *he* was of a very advanced age, it might be concealed during the expected short term of his life, and as soon as he was his own master, he would cause the nuptials to be publicly solemnised.

In this situation she was obliged to remain a considerable time, during which she was brought to bed of a fine boy, who died in the month. The young man now becoming out of his time, continued his assiduity, and they lived for above a twelvemonth without any visible abatement appearing in their affections, which, on the contrary, seemed to increase upon her appearing again pregnant. Her happiness, however, did not last long:
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her lover, who was no novice in love intrigues, grew weary of her before the second year expired, and came up to London; telling her, that business of importance required his absence for a short time; but he would dispatch it as soon as possible, and return to his conjugal duty upon the swiftest wings of Love.

At first she bore his absence with resignation and patience, still comforting herself with the hopes of his speedy return; during which she is said to have miscarried of a daughter: but when she found that her *dear heart's* stay greatly exceeded the time he had solemnly allotted, she was highly alarmed: her finances being also very scanty, her little wardrobe disappeared, one article after another, swelling the stock of the Three Blue Balls, which *hang suspended* even in the remotest country village. She however supported herself with the hopes and assurances which Thomas had given her; and having now no incumbrance upon her hands, she began to look about her for a situation, where she might support herself until his return, which she flattered herself would not be long.

The forsaken Susannah did not immediately call the fidelity of her lover in question; concern for *his safety* was the source of all her trouble. She wrote several letters to him, but receiving no answer,

swer, concluded that some accident must have happened to him; and therefore immediately set out for London, being wholly unable to live in suspense of so distressing a nature.

Upon her arrival in town, she made a strict enquiry after him; but, for more than eight months, she could learn no tidings. At the end of that period, during which she had had a severe fit of illness, which had reduced her to the greatest extremity, she discovered him by the veriest chance in ready-furnished lodgings in White Hart-court, Drury-lane, where he kept—or rather was kept by—an artful and infamous woman, whose husband was gone to sea. Notwithstanding this injurious treatment, she at first endeavoured, by gentle remonstrances, to recover his lost affections; and, to regain his love, related a faithful narrative of her past sufferings in quest of him; but her tender, her submissive tale, had no sort of effect upon his callous heart, seared up by the artful wiles of the Jezabel who now possessed his affections.

Plunged in the utmost distress, both of mind and body, she was but little qualified to procure immediate subsistence; and she had no other acquaintance in town, to whom she could make application to. A townswoman of her's, indeed, compassionating her unfortunate condition, granted

ed her some temporary relief; but alas! this was but a faint gleam in a clouded night: her husband being a morose fellow, soon stopped the scanty irregular supplies; and she found herself now compleatly shut out from all the comforts of society.

No observation is more common, and, at the same time, more true, than “That one half of the world are ignorant how the other half live.” The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention, are enlarged upon in tones of declamation, and the world becomes spectators of the noble sufferers; the affluent, under the pressure of calamity, are conscious of several others sympathizing with their distress, and have at once the comfort of admiration and pity.

But misfortunes—and particularly those incidental to females—the result of deviations from the regular paths of prudence, are of all others the least pitied, although such afflictions deserve the same commiseration as others of a different complexion; and such is the severity of morals at this period, that if we can only *blame the sufferer* for wilfully incurring any portion of misfortune, we think ourselves acquitted of all obligation to administer relief.

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Such therefore is the situation of the unfortunate part of the fair-sex, that after one false step, pity seldom affords them any shelter; yet we may be bold enough to assert, that among the thousands which, in *quick* succession, parade our public walks, there are a great number who would yet willingly embrace a life of virtue, could they regain the path; but totally excluded from every hope of that kind, they remain dreadful monuments of the effects of unlawful desires.

To return to the subject of these pages—Finding herself reduced to the barest necessity—with *want* on the one side, and *infamy* on the other—she was compelled to offer that inestimable pleasure to *every* man which had been devoutly destined only for *one*; and, being handsome rather than pretty, she found little difficulty of succeeding in this *way of life*: to her honour it may be said, that she was never called in question for any deviations from the line of honesty; nor was her person ever seen at any bar of justice except the night constables, till the late unfortunate occasion.

The evil communications, concomitant with a state of public prostitution, at last brought poor Susannah to associate with the vilest wretches, who even disgrace their own profession. Though she inwardly condemned the manners and the pursuits

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of those infernal wretches, the iron hand of Neglect effectually shut her out of every avenue to decency of life; yet amidst this scene of riot and debauchery, she was visibly the most decent in appearance and language; no doubt, the result of a mind founded in a virtuous education.

It is inconceivable what difficulties many of these wretched females, denominated *girls of the town*, endure without murmuring or regret. Every day is to them a day of misery, a pitiful reputation of the same illegal contracts, yet without which they must literally starve. They are hourly subservient to the most brutal passions which imbecillity can invent; and they practise manœuvres at which human nature revolts; impelled by money, and inspirited by liquor. Amongst the number that traverse the streets, are many who have had a superior education, and possess a sensibility of mind which must induce at times corroding reflections: but these retrospective views are generally obliterated by the liquid poison, before reflections becomes burthen some,

— Women no redemption knows;

The wounds of honour never close.

Inconstancy, which is one of those shades which marks the character of the men, deprived her in the course of her practice with our sex, of one of the

the most *valuable* friends she had ever met with. This was a certain pale-faced Quaker, of the most primitive order, and a Lombard-street discounteer, remarkable for his deficiency upon a certain occasion. At the beginning of the connection, he was dotingly fond of her, but soon reversed to indifference, upon some spirited remonstrances on her side, upon the scantiness of her weekly establishments; and because she would not consent to what he thought a necessary or prudent reserve of conduct. This gentleman is remarkable for the delicacy of his amours, and had often beheld our heroine with rapture. He had also often had occasion to admire her person, but was afraid of her levity. Her present spirited conduct however determined him to abandon her for the *grisette* whom he could more pliantly manage.

He was one of those who would not make the proper allowance for innocent cheerfulness; and she did not possess the art of accommodating herself to his temper. These opposite ways of thinking soon brought on a coolness, and a final separation ensued.

This happened in the course of the last spring; from which time she determined to depend upon the events of the evening for support; and the conveniency of lodging in a place not subject to the
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curious and prying observations of the world, made her chuse this remarkable place for her residence—a residence rather calculated to excite horror in any man not blinded by passions and propensities which Nature never implanted; and for which, perhaps, there cannot be a better nor more efficacious remedy than hemp: a mode of relief which the writer of these Memoirs heartily recommends, in serious physiognomy, to all those of his Readers who may find themselves classed in the *Kotzwarra species*.

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THE
Trial of Sufannah Hill
FOR THE
MURDER
OF
FRANCIS KOTZWARRA.

Before the RECORDER of LONDON.
And Judge GOULD.

At the *Sessions House, Old Bailey*, Sept. 16, 1791.

MR. Garrow appeared as counsel for the prosecution; and, previous to his stating of the case, he began with lamenting the melancholy truth, that there were men who, to gratify the most unwarrantable species of lust, resorted to methods at which reason and morality revolted. The present instance had, he feared, excited a dangerous curiosity, which by no means tended to advance the morals or the welfare of society. It therefore, he told the Jury, became necessary to check the evil—if such men were yet left behind—by deterring
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those women who prostitute their persons for hire—from becoming accessory to such shameful, such disgraceful purposes. And though he had doubts of being able to convict the Prisoner of *Murder*, he would insist that her crime came under the description of *Manlaughter*.

Suicide, by the laws of this country, was not held to be legal, a punishment followed deliberate acts of so criminal a nature: And a second person assisting towards the completion of such a purpose, was equally culpable, although aiding at the express desire of the person attempting to destroy himself; and must inevitably incur the crime of *Manlaughter*.

The present case was an aggravated instance; it was an immoral act, it was grossly immoral. The Prisoner could not be a stranger to the probable consequences that might ensue from such a mode of suspension; and, being aware, cannot be supposed ignorant of the enormity of the transaction in which she took so decisive a part.

The Prisoner, indeed, did not conduct herself like a murderer, who had acted from deliberation; she treated it in a manner perfectly consistent with her abandoned way of life; she ran out of the house, exclaiming to the neighbours, “that she had hanged a Man, but feared she had hung him too long!”

This was an atrocious case of *Manlaughter*, to say the least of it; and he hoped it would have a proper influence upon the minds of the Jury, that by holding forth a severe example, it might deter the depraved part of mankind from seeking indecent stimulatives, to pervert the ordinary course

course of nature; that it might also deter the abandoned part of the female sex from lending themselves for hire, to purposes so vile, so unnatural, and so detestable.

After this exordium, which reflected great credit on him as a man, Mr. Garrow proceeded to state the catastrophe, as it occurred on the 2d of September, the day on which the melancholy circumstance happened. He apologized for the use of expressions which the nature of the case demanded; and, after having gone through the whole with admirable precision, called the first witness; who was one of the officers belonging to Bow Street. He said, he went to the prisoner's lodgings on the second of September; that she lived in Vine Street, at No. 5; that she rented a front parlour; and that she had lived there about nine months.

That, on being taken into custody and brought before the magistrate, she delivered her evidence to the following effect. That in the afternoon of the 2d of September, between one and two o'clock, a man whom she had never seen before, and who was the deceased, came past the house where she lived—That he came into the house, the street door being open, (as *usual* it was observed by the counsel) and asked her if she would have any thing to drink. That she replied, if she chose any thing, it should be a little porter. The deceased said he should like some brandy and water: and gave her money to buy both porter and brandy—with two shillings for some ham and beef, which she accordingly bought.

Some time after this, they went into a back room, where several acts of the grossest indecency passed; in particular he pressed her to cut off the means of generation, and expressly wished to have it cut in two. But this she refused. He then said he should like to be *hanged* for *five* minutes; and while he gave her money to buy a cord, observed, that *hanging* would *raise* his passions—that it would produce all he wanted. But as a cord large enough could not be immediately procured, she brought two small ones, and put them round his neck. He then tied himself up to the back parlour-door, a place where he hung very low, and bending down his knees.

Court. Did she say how the cord was fastened?

Ans. No.

After hanging five minutes, she cut him down; he immediately fell to the ground: she thought he was in a fit, and called to an opposite neighbour for help. She then went to a publican where she used, and he ran for a surgeon, who came and attempted to bleed him.

Garrow. You went afterwards to the place?

Officer. Yes, about nine in the evening; and then saw the deceased lying on a bed in the back room: he had a bruise on the bridge of his nose, and two above each of his eyes, probably occasioned by the fall, after suspension. The witness observed that by his arm, there had been previous attempts to bleed him; he was covered with large and small old scars, and several fresh scratches, seemingly inflicted by an instrument.

Court. Saw you a cord?

Officer.

Officer. Not then ; but afterwards at the house of the constable.

(Here a long consultation took place between the Judge, the Recorder, and Mr. Garrow.)

Court to the Officer. How did she tell her story before the magistrate.

Ans. Very deliberately ; more so than I could have imagined.

Elizabeth Dalton sworn.

Mr. Garrow. You lived opposite the house where the prisoner lodged ?

Ans. Yes.

Qy. Did she call to you on the 2d of September ?

Ans. Yes, she called to me, and said she was in a very great fright. I went to her apartment: she said, " I have hanged a man ! and I am afraid he is dead."

Garrow. Were those the very words ?

Ans. Yes.

Garrow. You then went into the back room ?

Ans. Yes.

(Here another consultation of the Court took place, the result of which was, that Judge Gould declined giving the Jury any further trouble, and immediately dismissed the prisoner.)

She was neatly dressed in common apparel ; and, on her countenance we could discover nothing that seemed to indicate a rooted depravity ; nor was there any thing in her person particularly attractive : from which it may be inferred, that the
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unfortunate—if not lamented Kotswarra—trusted more to the *charms* of the *cord*, than to those of his *fair one*. When she first came into Court, she appeared intimidated ; but on her dismissal, the signs of excessive joy were visible ; and if in that joy, there should have been any mixture of compunction we hope that the rigidity of female abhorrence will relax so as to receive in, some subordinate station, this mis guided young woman, that she may be timely rescued from daily prostitution, and its dreadful concomitants.

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